

EXHIBIT B

The Honorable Charles R. Breyer
450 Golden Gate Avenue, 17th floor
San Francisco, CA 94102

November 21, 2018

Dear Judge Breyer,

Thank you for taking the time out of your busy schedule to read my honest and sincere letter in regards to my brother Amer. I am truly humbled by your consideration and grateful to have your honor as the judge on his case.

This has been the most difficult letter I have had to write because it took me down a road of so many memories. From the day he held my finger in his tiny hand when my parents brought him home from the hospital to the day I walked him home from his first day of kindergarten, still holding his little hand. For years we were close and I was very protective of him. Even after Amer went back to live with my father while the rest of us were living in Yemen, we kept in touch. We always chatted online and he told me how about his new life. He enjoyed school and he had made new friends. My father worked most of the time so Amer learned to care for himself. He taught younger children at the masjid during the weekends and many of my dad's friends and neighbors checked on him from time to time while my father worked. The years went by and our conversations were less frequent and shorter. I didn't realize that was when my hand was no longer holding his and I was letting him go.

I did not see Amer again until 2012 when I moved back to the US. He no longer looked like the little boy I said goodbye to a few years back, he was taller and older. But he still had the same loving and kind heart. I was a few months pregnant and he made sure I always had everything I needed. He never left the house until he asked me how I was doing and what he could get for me. A couple years later I moved to Madera per my husband's request, to stay with his sister. I was homesick and I missed my family, but Amer was the only one who made the time to visit me. It was my husband's first time in the US and he didn't have a job yet. So, when Amer visited I barely had any food in the kitchen to feed him. But he never said anything. Instead he walked 1.5 miles to the nearest supermarket, claiming he was just going for a walk, and returned with plastic bags wrapped around his wrists with not only food to fill the pantry and fridge, but with paper towels, detergents, soaps and shampoo as well. I was embarrassed but grateful.

Sometimes I feel as if it is my fault that Amer is where he is today. I became distracted with my own life that I let go of that tiny hand that held on to my finger. Other times I blame my parents for breaking us apart when we should of all stayed together and took care of each other. But if there is one thing I am sure of it is Amer's kind heart, selfless character and his love for his family, friends and neighbors. He is one to put others needs before his own. He is loyal, reliable and will go out of his way to help anyone who needs it. Most of those people who attended Amer's hearing on July the 18th have known Amer since he was a child and their presence was to vouch for his character. I am sure if any of them had witnessed any inimical behavior from him they would not have been there. They understand the sensitivity of the case and how a case such as this one can affect the whole community, yet they are willing to support him because they believe in him.

Thank you again your honor for taking the time to read my letter.

Respectfully,

Asma [REDACTED]

The Honorable Charles R. Breyer
450 Golden Gate Avenue, 17th Floor
San Francisco, CA 94102

Dear Judge Breyer

My name is Abdul █ and I am writing you this letter to give you my insight and experience with my dear friend Amer AlHajaji.

I am 28 years old and I currently reside in Los Angeles. I grew up in Berkeley California with my siblings and cousins. My uncle who recently passed away in october 2017 from genetical lung cancer owned a business in Berkeley. I worked there with him for many years in his grocery store before he was forced to close down due to new owners unreasonable rent increase. I now run my own business as a MetroPCS authorized dealer in Northridge California.

After hearing the unfortunate news about Amer from friends, I; in disbelief went online searching for articles. I came across a few and I kept reading them repeatedly as if somehow, I was going to get a different story. I stood there at work in disbelief reading one after another, still not convinced that the person i was reading about was my friend Amer Al Hajaji. I mean I was so close to this guy I could recognize his voice instantly from miles away and his laughter and humor through walls. The guy whose personality was so loud that one couldn't resist but embrace him. He was so thoughtful, courteous, and generous. When I first met him at my uncles store I got a good vibe from him immediately. He was energetic, humorous, and adventures and had so much to talk about. He was just that guy you can take anywhere with you and wouldn't disappoint you because of how supportive he can be.

During the time I started working with Amer at my uncles store, I had just left a job in Oakland where I worked with a high school friend in a grocery store. My uncle was traveling back to Yemen to visit family, so he asked me if I can take over until he gets back. Amer had started working there part time after school a few months before I came. Before we even met I had heard about him. He was good friends with my brother, they both went to Berkeley high. After school he would come in and go strait to the deli and make himself a sandwich if he's hungry, if not he would get into his apron and start restocking the deli meats and veggies. He was passionate about the deli unlike me.

Amer shared some of his stories in Berkeley high with me and I shared some of mines with him. at the time it was the one thing we had incommon. I remember him saying "man I wish we were in high school together, we would have had so much fun". We instantly clicked with each other and I felt like he related alot to me and my experience in berkeley high. We were both picky but realized we had a lot more in common than we thought. we liked the same music; same clothing style, same movies and we both liked having long hair. The one thing that was very clear was we

were both into comedy. we liked to joke a lot and we also used a lot of sarcasm between ourselves and customers. Amer had a good vibe and i was amazed by him. the customers thought he was hilarious. He loved joking and i could tell he enjoyed it .He was so goofy at times he would say the most randomest thing just to get a reaction. Or sometimes he would say the most uncomfortable thing in a room, and because I knew him id wait for him to laugh while everyone else had a confused face. He would then start laughing and his laugh is even funnier.

Although I hate to admit but Amer had better and funnier pick up lines than me and sometimes we'd have a battle with those. I was amazed by his social skills. everyone he talked to liked him especially the customers. sometimes we would engage in deep conversations and i'd be surprised of how knowledgeable he was. I found Amer to be one of the few teens at the time with a solid head. he was very bright, well spoken and had a charismatic character. He knew what he wanted and he was striving to be someone. He wanted a career in boxing, but he found it hard to balance between school, work and going to the gym. he sacrificed things he liked to do as a teen to be a responsible adult his parents counted on him to be.

we had a lot of mutual friends, so our conversations were endless especially because the store wasn't that busy. everyone knew Amer and his fun personality. he joked a lot, he laughed a lot and he; well, he talked a lot. He always had good intentions, he has one of the kindest hearts i've ever met. He respected the elders and treated them with kindness. He respected everyone of all ages and races and loved his friends very much. He had a good reputation among his friends and community. He invited me many times to his home especially during the month of ramadan. his mother makes some of the best arabic food one can have. I loved his family, they were very kind and generous.

I believe as humans, we are products of our own environments and at some point my friend Amer might have gotten caught up with the wrong crowd of kids who influenced him and his decisions. Kids around where we grew up are into fast money, flashy clothes, and funny stunts. If I know Amer at all, I know that he has the most purest of hearts and kindest souls. I think about him all the time and I deeply know that he regrets the kind of trouble he has landed himself on. After reading those articles and convincing myself that it was my friend Amer that i was reading about, i came to realize that with his kind of personality and young age; I could see him fooling around with a sensitive topic and not thinking much of it. Because to him it's all fun and games at the end of the day and he would never hurt anyone of any kind, near or far. We american Arabs unfortunately grew up in a society that teaches us that we are automatically bad guys with bad intentions, and aside from the public, we see this narrative also in movies and on television. It's a stereotype that no one should have to live with, and knowing how stereotypes can be complex, kids and teenagers joke around with them all the time with no mind of consequence

Best regards,: Abdul [REDACTED]

Hello you honor Judge Breyer,

My name is Abdulhafez [REDACTED] and I went to high school freshmen year with Amer Alhagagi. This letter is to share my knowledge of Amer Alhagagi.

I met Amer through other friends during lunch breaks. Amer was funny, kind and childish. Amer had a weird sense of humor which got us laughing and confused at the same time. He had a weird way of dealing with serious events in his life. I always thought that was his way of coping.

Amer was the fool in the group. He loved attention. Amer had trouble dealing with peer pressure. We always got him to do embarrassing things for our amusement which got him into trouble a lot. Amer was easily influenced.

I ended up losing connections with Amer when I went to a different school. I eventually ran into him and he was doing good. He was going to college and working. He even told me of his plans to save up and start his own business which I thought was awesome. He asked me to partner up but my interests were still that of a young man. I lost connection with Amer again.

Amer is special, Confused sometimes. I was wished I could of been more there for him maybe things would have turned out differently and we would be business partners.

I guess I would never know.

Ali Alharazy

Berkeley, CA 94703

August 18th, 2018

To the honorable judge Breyer,

I grew up in two different worlds: one society in which I was judged by my skin color and the way I dressed, and another in which I was judged by my last name, or tribe I come from. My name is Ali

[REDACTED] I was born in the United States, in Alta Bates Hospital in Berkeley. When I was 5, I moved to the dusty streets of Sana'a, Yemen. After a flashing 8 years I was back in America expected to fit in a world that was brand new to me. Torn from family, friends and a community with striking features who believed in the importance that is attached behind unity, being there for one another in joy and sorrow, it is our culture and duty to stick by one another.

Coming from a deserted, yet natural area it was hard to get used to living in Berkeley. Attended Berkeley high school from the years of 2008-2012 struggling to make sense of it all as any teenager would go through. I met Amer behind a huge building in the middle of Berkeley high that we like to refer to as “behind the C building, our hang out spot.” I couldn’t believe that he grew up in the same place I came from he was dressed modernly as one would say, spoke fluent English without a hint of accent he completely adapted to the “American” life style. Until this day, I struggle with trying to fit in at times with colleagues and friends because I come from a background that enjoyed sarcasm, it was our way of communicating with each other but i was amazed at how in the few years that Amer spent in America before I met him he managed to master the lingo and easily be understood. Our relationship was full of fights and arguments because I couldn’t bare his constant pranks, jokes and sarcasm, I would so openly sit there and express to him a hardship that I am facing and he would simply respond with jokes, as much as it irritated me I saw it as something positive, as a distraction and his own method of making others feel better about struggles. I can speak for the both of us and many of our other friends when I say we all found home in one another. We all shared similar stories and came from the same background, we cherished our time together and built many memories throughout our junior high days.

On a sunny afternoon during our sophomore year at Berkeley High School a day that was marred by a violent altercation when a group of students attacked one of our friends and stole all his belongings. It wasn't something we would ever expect to happen, we never attempted to harass anyone for that to happen. The negative effects of this traumatizing incident caused all our academic confidence to decline as well as our grades, we were eager to get back what was taken from us. We knew that our main goal was to complete our education and we didn't want anything or anyone to compromise that and that's when three of us, including Amer took the lead and formed an after school tutoring club to keep us on track through our journey for a higher education. It was a complete success, we all graduated and continued attending school in the Peralta Community Colleges. We were the first in our families to get this far with our education and as we are seeking to make our family's proud we struggled through maintaining full time jobs and taking 15 plus units a semester. Today I can proudly say that I am a San Jose State alumni, however; it is truly a bittersweet feeling since I can't share it with a friend who allowed his humorous ways to get the best of his intelligence.

Amer is someone who sees the best in people, but he continuously made it a challenge for others to take him serious. He would openly joke about not wanting to go to school then secretly takes online courses, he loves challenges, to learn new things, kept an open mind and really wanted constant approval and attention from family and friends without asking for it. It has been a couple of years now since we last spoke but I do truly believe that he is still that same ambitious and joyful young man that we all know and care about. Ultimately, we must agree that we all at some point have been surprised by the behavior of others but when in truth many people are unaware of the consequences of their actions or words. We make promises, that we may not intend to keep or even speak gibberish just to be socially accepted.

Thank you, your honor, for taking the time to consider the information and stories I have shared in my letter.

Sincerely yours,



Ali [REDACTED]

August 26th, 2018

To The Honorable Charles R. Breyer
450 Golden Gate
Avenue, 17th Floor
San Francisco, CA 94102

Dear Judge Breyer,

My name is Lee [REDACTED]. I am a native Californian and grew up in the Bay Area. I have lived in the Berkeley/Oakland area for the last fifteen years or so. I am married, my wife and I have two boys, aged three and one. I work in the Bay Area as an Ecological Gardener and Stone Mason.

I am writing on behalf of Amr Al Haggagi, a young man I have known since he was about fifteen years old. I had already known his father from attending prayers at the local mosque, as well as the grocery store he used to work at. I got to know Amr from the neighborhood. He carried a great energy about him, wearing a bright, contagious smile. At that time, when he was about fifteen or sixteen, he went to Berkeley High School where he was popular and very much liked. He trained a bit at a local Boxing Gym as well, I used to catch him shadow boxing at times.

While we were not close (I imagine I'm about seventeen years older than him), whenever I ran into him at the mosque, a friend's house, or at the park, he was quick to give a big smile, handshake, and a warm hug. He would always break into jokes and have everybody around him laughing. Indeed, he was quite a joker and loved to pull our legs.

As Amr grew older he carried with him that happy, jubilant, and joking personality with him, as well as his great generosity. I know of a story of him when during a holiday celebration, as the dinner was laid out, he took the greater portion of it and headed outside, down the street, giving it to homeless people. In fact, I have heard of many instances of him feeding the homeless. Indeed, he was known to give generously to the homeless and anybody who was in need. I would like to mention a personal story of where he displayed his great character of selflessness and generosity.

In the Spring of 2004, on an airline flight, I sat next to a wonderful young lady. I soon visited her and her family, and we became engaged. I had just come from overseas, teaching English, and didn't have a dime to my name. I took counsel with a dear friend, who was also acquainted with Amr and his father. As we considered where to borrow money for me to get married, the thought of Amr rose. He worked at his uncle's deli for some time and lived at home with his family. Amr already knew that I was engaged, I asked him if I could borrow some money without knowing how long it would take to pay him back. Without hesitating he offered to help me, asking me how much I needed. That same day he gave me five thousand dollars with a big smile, telling me I could pay him back whenever I could. My heart almost leapt out of my chest, I cannot describe the feelings of surprise and joy I had that moment.

I went on to get married that Summer, today my wife and I enjoy raising two boys. I thank God that he put Amr in my life, I can't imagine the family I have today without Amr being there for me. In fact, 'Amr

has been there for many. I can describe Amr as selfless, generous, always thinking of others, playful, kind, and loving.

Thank you for your time Judge Breyer,

Sincerely,

Lee [REDACTED]



Letter of support for Amer Sinan Alhaggagi

July 29th, 2017

Hammad [REDACTED]

Formerly Berkeley High School, Associated Student Body President

I went to high-school with Amer. From what I can tell you, Amer is not the kind of guy to hurt innocent people. He's just a boisterous satirist that doesn't know when a joke gone too far.

I didn't know him for long, but when I met him, he had just arrived at Berkeley High School from the Berkeley Technology Academy. He was a senior at the time, while I was a sophomore.

From my brief interactions with him, I learned that he was very dedicated to his studies and adamant about graduating high school.

Amer was popular among his group of friends. I realized this was because of his ability to entertain. He was a total character. Although he was funny, to his dismay, the humor could be found cynical and to those who didn't know him, even troubling.

If you debated his jokes, he was able to tactfully feed off the energy to further his satire. He might have seemed convincing, but in reality, he is not the guy to carry out what the best of him knows is a delusional thought. He simply enjoys the shock of someone thinking he is serious.

I can't remember a time I had a conversation with him about Islam. He didn't seem to find the topic of much interest for discussion. His focus was on making money to support himself and graduating high school like any American teenager.

Amer is a go-getter and he has used this ability to give back to his community. During high school, he was one of the best sellers at our multicultural bake sale. Even on his graduation day, before the ceremony began, he was selling water bottles and seat cushions to fundraise for future student events.

I remembered one time when he received a marketing gig, he wanted to open up the opportunity to his peers so they can get similar experiences and become successful entrepreneurs. I believed he would be great businessman or actor, something he might have pursued after graduation.

I understand how his ethnic background and comments about a violent attack make him the perfect archetype for a "potential terrorist" in the courtroom. However this falls apart if you've spent some time with the guy. I haven't been in contact or seen him for years and I don't condone what he may have said. I also can't speak for his innocence with the lack of information. What I can say is that I believe he is naive and needs guidance. In my humble opinion, his boisterous comments and talk about hurting people seems like one of his uninformed delusional jokes from high school, but this time it just went too far and to the wrong audience.



1980 ALLSTON WAY, BERKELEY, CA 94704
PH 510/644.6120 FAX 510/548.4221
WWW.BHS.BERKELEY.K12.CA.US/

To Whom It May Concern

3 August 2017

I am writing as a former teacher of Amer Al-Haggagi, Teacher Leader for the English Language Learning Program for Newcomers and recent immigrants, and the current Coordinator of Berkeley Independent Studies, for Berkeley Unified School District. I taught English Language Development for 20 years at Berkeley High School. Amer was in our program for four years and came as a 9th grader. He lived with his father while his mother was still in Yemen. He was a member of the Yemeni Youth club, that I was an advisor for, on campus and participated in fundraisers for field trips. He was always caring about his fellow students and teachers. He liked to laugh and make jokes. He like to learn. His younger brother was also my student.

I know Amer got job at Andronico's grocery after he graduated. I saw him often and he would say hello and be very respectful and friendly. Amer like his father and brother is a hard worker who cares about his small Yemeni community in the East Bay. He and his family are in contact and care about my current Yemeni students at Berkeley High School.

Amer Amer Al-Haggagi is a good young man, who cares deeply about his family and his Yemeni Community. He has been raised to follow his religion, his parents, and his community that is about love, care, and respect.

Thank you for your consideration.

Heidi [REDACTED]

Berkeley Independent Studies Coordinator
[REDACTED]

To The Honorable Charles R. Breyer
450 Golden Gate Avenue, 17th Floor
San Francisco, CA 94102

My name is Homza [REDACTED] I am a recent graduate from the University of California, Merced with a Degree in Mechanical Engineering. I am currently working in a construction company as a project engineer. I've known Amer since his first year at Berkeley High School. I remember being introduced to Amer at our local Mosque. My former Arabic teacher introduced me to him and that's when I found out he was coming to my high school.

Amer at first was a shy individual who didn't really talk to anyone at school because he was knew and didn't know anyone. I remember the first week of school seeing Amer walking around the school alone going from class to class and eating lunch alone. I started inviting Amer to come behind the "C building" since that is where all the Muslims usually were. The more Amer started hanging with the people over there the more he felt he needed to fit in. High school is all about fitting in. Especially if you're coming from a foreign country. It is either make people laughed or get laughed at. Everyone that usually hung out behind the C usually joked around so much. Amer wouldn't participate in the jokes in the beginning, but he slowly fell into the pure pressure into fitting in. He didn't really like people making fun of him and in High school it's either make people laughed or get laughed at. I could slowly see excitement Amer was getting from peoples laughter and reactions.

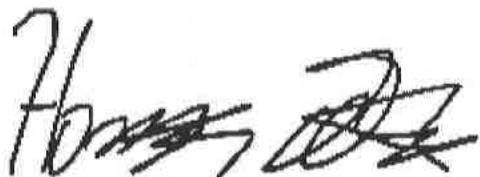
I remember a time when I was a freshman in college and I invited Amer and 3 other high school friends to come stay the weekend with me. The whole weekend Amer would pull pranks and make fun of people. I remember him taking one of my friends Nessers hand while sleeping and putting it in water. Claiming he would urinate while he was sleeping. I tried telling him to stop and let everyone go to sleep because it was 2 am, but no Amer was having too much fun. I then go to my room and close the door. And 20 min later I hear Amer laughing so hard so I go out and see what's going on. I come in to see whip cream all over my friend "Mohammed's" face and on my couch. The look on Mohammed's face was priceless he wanted to fight Amer and Amer was just there laughing. The next morning while everyone was up Amer was still sleeping. Everyone wanted revenge. We put ketchup on his face and threw water on him. Amer got up claiming he was going to "kill all of us" but no one listened to a word he said. He was so mad at us, but we all knew Amer talks just to talk. We couldn't stop laughing at him.

Another memory of Amer was the time I got my first speeding ticket. I was dropping off Amer and a few friends to school. We were running a little late so I tried to get them to school on time. As I was on the freeway I look in my review mirror and see police sirens. We all start to panic and make sure our seat belts were on. The only person that wasn't panicking was Amer, he was making jokes and saying stuff like "we're all going to jail now". As the officer pulls up to my

window he asks for my license and registration. I was very nervous since this was the first time I have ever been pulled over. So many things were crossing my mind. So I was having trouble figuring out where exactly is my registration. The officer see's that and was quick to assume we were "high". So he asks me do we have any "illegal drugs in the car". Amer sarcastically responds, "Yes officer we have lots weed with us, do you smoke?" At that moment I just wanted to strangle Amer. I'm over here nervous and scared that I'm getting my first ticket and he's over here laughing and joking with the officer. I quickly tell the officer that amer is being a "dumbass" and thinks everything is a joke. I tell the officer that we do not smoke nor do we have any drugs and that we can search us if he would like because we have nothing to hide.

So the officer gives me a ticket and everyone was just silent throughout the whole ride. After I drop my friends off at school, Amer was the last one to leave. He tells me that since I was doing them a favor it's only fair if everyone helps out on the ticket and that if no one wants to do that he's willing to pay half of my ticket. That's a side that no one really see's in Amer Except people that's close t him and know him pretty well. Everyone sees the prankster or childish Amer that sometimes doesn't know when he's crossing the line. But deep down Amer is a caring person that wouldn't hurt a fly.

Thank you Honorable Charles Breyer for taking time to reading this letter and having the opportunity to really know Amer.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Hamer" followed by a surname starting with "D". The signature is fluid and cursive.

The Honorable Charles R. Breyer
450 Golden Gate Avenue, 17th floor
San Francisco, CA 94102

July 30, 2018

Dear Judge Breyer,

I honestly do not know how to begin my letter in regards to Amer. Words cannot describe what Amer means to us as family or friend. He is someone who is close to everyone and is loved and respected by everyone around him; neighbors, friends, teachers and relatives. He draws joy in the faces of the young and the old and he never hesitates to provide assistance and support to those who need it and without expecting anything in return from others. His kindness and caring for others does not take any effort from him, because it is so natural to who he is. Anyone who knew Amer will tell you what a noble young man he is.

On a more personal level, I will never forget how Amer stood by my family and me when I learned of my cancer. He was with us during that difficult time, catering to our needs and supporting us in any way that he could. And when everyone returned to their work and busy lives, he humbly offered to take me to Stanford Hospital for additional testing that could not be done locally.

I wish from the bottom of my heart that he returns to his family's embrace so, he can paint the joy back on their faces. Writing this letter is the least I can do for him in return for what he has done for me and my family and I hope I have done him some justice in portraying his true self. We owe him all our love and support.

Sincerely,

Huda [REDACTED]

To the Honorable Charles R. Breyer
450 Golden Gate Avenue, 17th Floor
San Francisco, CA 94102

My name is Ibrahim ██████████ I have been in the security business since 2004 and started working as a contract guard under DHS/FPS (Federal Protective Service) since 2008. My current position is a Federal Emergency Response official PSO (Protective Security Officer). I worked at multiple federal agencies providing security services and creating a safe environment for federal employees, occupants and visitors on Federally owned or controlled leased facilities.

I have known Amer Alhaggagi and His father since 2008. Amer went to Berkely High School. Because I was a legal Guardian to a student at Berkley High School, I learned more about Amers personality. I use to help Amer and other students with there homework. Also use to give them some tips and general information on what majors to choose after high school. There were a group of students that I use to help with their English and math classes Tehap, Akram and Amer. Knowing Amer and Amers father, I can truly say with confidence they are one of the most kind and Generous people I've ever met.

I can not forget nor does the community, the generosity displayed by Amers father and his son Amer. Amers father , during certain months, would bring a lot of food , big trays of rice, chicken legs, spaghetti and salad enough to feed forty to fifty people. His father and his son and me would serve the people and , Amer would make sure every one got a plate regardless if they are a member of the community or not. One of Amers traits is he cared for others especially those who are misfortunate. I recall when we were done serving food, Amir would start packing fresh food for homeless.

He would encourage me to drive him down to downtown Berkeley and gave each homeless a plate . Amer made sure all plates were all given to the homeless. On certain occasions, the weather was rainy and cold and he would insist that I give him a ride to deliver the food for the homeless before the food gets cold. I got to admit , sometimes I

was lazy but his persistent made me do it . We drove block to block and make sure all plates were delivered .

Another good quality Amer had was, a very generous person. I will never forget this story when Amer helped a good friend of mine named Lee [REDACTED] Also , Never thought one day I will share this story to a judge . I shared this story to every one I knew even strangers I met in public. I had a close friend, named Lee [REDACTED] who I knew most of my life almost sixteen years. Lee [REDACTED] struggled most of his life due to a lack of support system. Lee [REDACTED] was a very kind reserved person and struggling financially. After graduating from Davis University with a degree in sociology, Just like most students Lee was in debt. After a very long search and by fate, Lee found the women he wanted to spent the rest of his life with and decided to get married, however he could not do so for financial reasons. Lee asked me if I can give him a loan or find someone who could help him with a loan. I started asking wealthy businessmen in the neighborhood and community for a loan, but unfortunately they all declined my request despite informing them what the purpose of the loan is for. Lee [REDACTED] was, desperately, trying not, to lose this girl he loved and did the unexpected.

Despite being unemployed and had no means to support himself, let alone support someone else, Lee asked for her hand in marriage from her family. At one point, Lee and me had a conversation regarding his financial problem and how it will negatively determine the success of his marriage, Lee began to lose hope. I and Amer were hanging out in my car and I shared with him Lee [REDACTED] situation and how he met his wife on a airplane by accident at Frankfort airport, a very interesting story, and know he cant marry her because he needs at least five thousand dollars. Amer looked at me and said " I ll help him " I was thinkin he will come up with maybe two hundred dollars at the most. Amer said tell Lee [REDACTED] don't worry tomorrow ill have the five thousand dollars. I was SHOCKED and did not believe he will loan him this amount. I could not wait to deliver the good news to Lee, I still remember Lee's face to this day and how happy Lee was. Lee was in tears. Lee thanked Amer and hugged him. The following day after Lee received the five thousand dollars from Amer, he told him it will take him a while until

he pays him back. Amer told him do not worry; pay me whenever you can. Looking at the situation Lee [REDACTED] was in, I can say that ,Only because of Amers generosity, Lee [REDACTED] wouldn't get married and have tow beautiful kids today.

Also, I recall when Amer, voluntarily, had to look after a handicap relative, who was on a wheel chair, and paralyzed from the waist down. I recall when Amer would physically carry him up to the 2nd floor (there apartment location) on his back and it required a lot of work. He would entertain his handicap relative by taking him to restaurants, Movie Theater, parks, and cafes. Amer had to take time-off from work, and other responsibilities so he can take care of his handicap relative for as long as he was with him.

Amer also was very social, had good communication skills, and had a very good sense of humor. He can strike up a conversation with anyone and make friends quickly. When we use to hang out in a group, Amer was the center of attention due to his comedic and charismatic personality. He will crack up jokes and make everyone laugh. I recall one time when I was driving and Amer was sitting nex to me in the passenger seat and we came to a traffic red light. Next to us was a Van occupied by ,what looks like a mother and her adult daughters. Amer tells the daugher in a joking manner, Can I take your Mom out on a date!?. The Girl laughed so hard so did the Mom. The Mom replied " Im too old for you"Amer responded to the Mom" We can go against all odds" she laughed and I laughed too. The Mom told him if she was not married shell definitely go out with him.

Amer was very good with people particularly with kids. Occasionally, relatives of Amer would visit them and stay over for couple days bring there kids with them. When the kids would see Amer they jump and hug him because he was the only one who would entertain them. Amer would take probably his twin nieces to Berkeley Pier and play with the sand with them. He actually shared with me a short video recording where he would say "we love the ocean" and his nieces would repeat the same thing after him. They all had a lot of fun. I can truly say Amers happiest moments were when he made his nieces laugh and smile. I remember telling Amer you are good with kids you should become a

coach for childrens or a councilor or get a job where you look after kids. Amer had concerns about the kids in the community who are overweight and are not being physically active. He told me these kids need to do some work out. He was planning to buy some gym equipment and suggested we make the kids participate in sports activity, like soccer, foot ball and boxing.

Overall, Amer is a type of person who would share his food with someone even if it was a stranger. If there were a fight among people, he would come to the rescue and break up the fight while everyone else was afraid of getting involved.

I want to thank the Honorable Charles R. Breyer for considering the information I provided to the best of my Knowledge.

Ibrahim [REDACTED]



cell : [REDACTED]

email : [REDACTED]

To Whom This May Concern

Subject: Amer Alhaggagi and his influence on me as a boxer and a forward-looking positive person

I came from Yemen back in 2014 with no English at the age of 14 and was totally unfamiliar with the U.S. culture. I attended Berkeley High School and was totally 'at loss' as how a new 'foreign' student should behave with peers in order to avoid showing weakness or be subject to bullying. I was fortunate to have Amer, son of my aunt, to guide and advise me. I have known Amer for several years, where he guided me and gave me 'a list' of 'principles of conduct' which can be summarized as follows: a) study hard and always do your homework; b) never show uncertainty or weakness among peers, c) when unsure, ask school staff or your principal for guidance; d) ensure to maintain peace with everyone but be ready to defend yourself if the need arises; e) keep fit by exercising daily, especially muscle building!

Despite Amer's advice, I did get in trouble, largely due to my perception that I was being 'looked down on' by a Latino student. Despite the fact that I was in no danger, my perception of being 'bullied' led me to initiate an attack on a classmate, at the school, landing me at the juvenile delinquency hall for a few days back in 2015. The issue was then cleared up with an apology to the classmate and his family and my promise (to principal and counselor) that this would not happen again.

After the incident, I went to Amer again for guidance. He criticized me for having been the aggressor and suggested that I consider boxing to properly 'release' energy and gain the needed confidence where I could adequately defend myself in case of trouble. Amer also stressed the need to maintain peace with everyone and just pay attention to academic performance and building physical strength through joining a gym. I immediately signed up at the Pacific ring sports boxing gym, 2015, stayed with the gym unit this day and have since participated in Golden Gloves local and statewide tournaments, securing several medals. I also train several kids at the gym on boxing the discipline which goes with this art.

My most recent state level tournament was in, Los Angeles September 17th through 23rd. My next state level tournament is on October 10th in Tennessee. I now have several medals, including golden gloves district championship , state silver medal, PAL national silver medal. Amer, a boxer himself for a while, kept checking on me and would frequently invite me for lunch where his mom cooked delicious Yemeni food, something I have always missed since leaving my mother behind in Yemen several years ago. Amer also always stressed the need for me to stay out of trouble.

As a teenager with a frequently traveling father (who does humanitarian work overseas), and a mother who could not enter the U.S. due to Trump's Muslim Ban, I only had Amer to rely on as a trusted mentor, counselor and a source of moral and psychological support. I was fortunate to have him.

I have now graduate from high school, 'mastered' English as a Second language (or at least would like to convince myself that I have done so), enrolled into college and am almost a 'full time' boxing trainee and trainer, where I continue to train kids at the Pacific Ring Sports.

Had it not been for Amer's help and guidance, I would not have been able to be the person I now am and would most likely have ended up in deep trouble and would most probably have not completed even high school. Thanks to Amer for having so positively impacted my life and

became a totally 'different' person: confident, energetic, positive and willing to extend a helping hand to the kids I train as well as anyone else who could use my advice.

I should also not forget to mention Amer's generosity where he always asked me if I needed money and frequently reached out to his wallet and handed me 'pocket money' to help me get by.

Such support and guidance have made me view Amer as a big brother figure who sincerely cared about others and 'walked the extra mile' to help out with his own limited resources. I will never forget the positive impact Amer has had on my life; as such I have made a commitment to 'pay back' by being resourceful and helpful to anyone who could use my support.

I also sincerely regret that Amer is in trouble and was actually shocked when I learned he was behind bars. His friendliness, willingness to help and guide others, peaceful nature and generosity, all contradict what has been said and published about him. I can confidently attest that Amer is NOT a radicalized 'terrorist' and that his behavior and conduct proof this point. I am also willing to 'testify' to support my written statement, if needed.

Regards,
Mohamed [REDACTED]